

more than just a
dream

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more than just a dream by flightlessbirds

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Summary:

soulmate:

(n) “a person ideally suited to another as a close friend or romantic partner.”

his whole life, eddie had heard the legends and myths of soulmates. everyone had a unique mark etched onto their body, and their soulmate had the exact same one. eddie still hasn't met his.

1. one

Notes for the Chapter:

i just wanna note that pennywise does not exist in this. georgie is still alive and so is everyone else who died. the losers are all 15 and mike isn't homeschooled.
hope you guys enjoy it :~)

it was september 3rd, 1991.

eddie was fifteen. school started the next day for him in derry, maine, and he could not fall asleep. he was going into the 10th grade and couldn't be any less excited. he had his small group of six friends, self titled the losers' club for a reason. they were picked on and constantly bullied by that group of idiots, the bowers' gang, and at this point they were used to it, so it was no big deal. they've learned to not be as scared as henry bowers and very rarely actually stick up for themselves. but he still couldn't help but feel incredibly anxious. not about the bowers' gang though. eddie felt like something is going to go horribly wrong tomorrow, but he chalked it up to just normal nerves. it's just high school, right? he tossed and turned for hours in his small twin bed, overthinking every small situation until his eyes began to droop at 2am.

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eddie begrudgingly left his house at 7:30 am, his mother calling after him to remember to take his pills and pack his spare inhaler. once greta, the pharmacist's daughter, told him that his pills were placebos, he stopped taking them, much to his mother's dismay. he's grown pretty dependent on his inhaler though, so unfortunately he still has to pump the faux medicine in his lungs whenever he is short of breath. he hated his mother. he hated how terrible she made him feel about himself for thirteen years of his life. how he was clearly going to get sick just by walking outside. making him remember symptoms of illnesses so he would know if he was sick. he could have done so much if he wasn't banished to his room because of flu season, or whatever fake reason his mother told him. he resented her for the

time that he is never getting back. he probably would have met his soulmate in that time, and they would be living happily ever after had they met. now he lost his chance.

no one actually knows how the marks work, they just show up on your skin the second you're born. some were big, some were tiny. some were in very noticeable spots, like ed corcoran had one right on his forearm. it was sometimes mistaken for a tattoo because it was so big. whereas others were in places only your soulmate should see. eddie met a kid in first grade who had a mark in his belly button. every chance he got, he would lift up his shirt and show everyone. before you meet your soulmate, the mark is faded, barely visible to the naked eye unless it's bigger, like corcoran, or you're up close and personal to the mark. once you meet, the mark turns a lighter brown color, others would argue gold (but it's clearly brown). and when your soulmate dies, the mark fades forever, and if you're really lucky, another mark takes its place. eddie's was a small crescent moon in the palm of his left hand. as he walked to school, he traced the outline of the moon hoping one day it doesn't fade like his mother's.

ten minutes later eddie had arrived at derry high school. as usual, the losers' club were in their spot outside by the bike rack. they had all ridden their bikes except for eddie. beverly, ben, and stan were all in a deep conversation about poetry, and how whether or not shakespeare is one of the best poets of all time. stan was arguing how all his works are too cheesy, too sad, and just boring. bev and ben were trying to argue back that they were called tragedies for a reason. bill and mike were listening in on the conversation, not daring to butt in, and rolling their eyes at each other every time the other three said something dumb. bill noticed eddie first and waved at him excitedly.

“h-hi eddie!” bill said. “what class do y-you have first?” this caused the others to be ripped out of their debate and turn to smile and say hi to eddie.

“hey guys,” eddie pulled the schedule that was mailed to his house a few weeks prior to the first day. “i have english with mr. graham first period.” eddie said to bill. he shifted his gaze to bev, ben, and stan.

“please, don't stop your nerdy debate on my account.” the three grinned stupidly and happily continued.

“oh cool, i have that class with you eddie!” mike said. due to the look on bill's face, eddie could guess he didn't have it with bill.

eddie looked over at the other three losers. “wait, guys, let's compare schedules.” the others nodded in agreement and after a few minutes of comparing, eddie had at least two classes with each loser. that made his heart content knowing he wasn't going to be alone in every class this school year. the first bell rang and the six losers bid goodbye to each other and started walking off to homeroom. eddie saw bill and stan grab each other's hands and walk away, and ben and bev do the same thing in a different direction. eddie couldn't help but feel a little jealous.

bill denbrough's mark was located below his bottom lip, a prominent dove. it was rather small, about the size of a dime. at their eighth grade middle school dance, bill had gone with beverly, as friends, since everyone and their mother knew bill was gay as fuck. they were dancing to lovesong by the cure. the pair were awkwardly slow dancing. his hips were around beverly's waist, and he kept trying to avoid the terrible eye contact he knew was waiting for him. he scanned the rather big crowd of couples, when bill noticed a curly headed boy with a dove on the back of his neck. his eyes widened as it turned gold (shut up eddie, they're c-c-clearly gold!) right before him. beverly noticed his mark on his lip turn gold (you guys are idiots) and she gasped. “holy shit! bill!” she screeched. “what are you going to do?” bill looked at her, and she knew he was scared shitless. she nodded curtly and they nearly sprinted over to where eddie and mike were, over by the punch bowl looking like they would rather be dead.

“g-guys. is my m-mark—” before bill could finish his sentence he was interrupted by eddie.

“holy fuck! who the hell is it, bill?” eddie exclaimed.

“congrats, man!” mike smiled brightly, happy for his friend.

“i-i don't know i just looked over and saw this f-f-fucking boy with a

g-god damn d-dove on his g-g-g-god damn—" bill was flustered and nervous.

"oh my god, spit it out!" eddie said, smiling too. bill couldn't help but laugh.

"his neck." a voice from behind him finished.

bill spun around so fast he felt like he was going to puke. he gasped when he saw just how cute this boy was. "hi, i-i-i'm bill. i-i guess i'm y-your soulmate."

the slightly shorter boy laughed lightly. "stanley uris. my friend noticed your mark and saw you bolt." bill's blush got a deeper shade of red. his ears were burning. this only made stanley smile wider. "soulmate? i guess so, huh?" the two have been nearly inseparable since.

ben hanscom had a small snowflake on his pinkie finger on his left hand. it was below his nail, and if you blinked, you would miss it. on the last day of school of freshman year, he bumped into one beverly marsh. he moved to derry three months ago from new york, and kept to himself as best as he could. he took the longest way possible home, which meant biking through the woods located behind school, but as long as he avoided henry bowers and the three other idiots, it was fine with ben. he was listening to new kids on the block when beverly ran right into his back, lunging him forward onto the grass. he thought the bowers' gang finally grew extra brain cells and figured out his plan. now he was dead meat.

"oh my god, i am so so sorry. i wasn't looking where i was going. are you okay?" a female voice said.

ben rolled over and saw one of the prettiest girls he ever seen. that's when he noticed it. right in the middle of her eyebrows, was a brown, (guys, come on, stop fighting. it's definitely brown though) glowing snowflake. he was at a lost for words as he stood up quickly.

a few seconds later, ben somehow found three words. "hi," he stuck up his pudgy pinky finger. "i'm ben."

mike hanlon has still yet to meet his soulmate. he had a faded brown (it's brown you guys are so dumb why am i friends with you) turtle on his shoulder blade. eddie was happy he could complain about how disgusting the other losers were. he did find them cute as fuck, but he was still jealous over the fact that he hasn't met his match. he knows he's only fifteen, and has practically his whole life ahead of him, but it just sucks when all of his dumb friends are each other's dumb soulmates.

mike was going on about football tryouts and eddie was pretending to listen. he was nodding half heartedly and giving him encouraging smiles as best to his ability. he was still very nervous and he was trying to keep somewhat calm so he didn't have to use his inhaler. they strolled into their english class, noticing a new face of someone who clearly just moved to derry. he was hard to miss. he was a tall boy, at least 5 inches on eddie, with coke bottle glasses and wild curly black hair. he wore ripped jeans and an unbuttoned hawaiian shirt. eddie tried not to stare as he took his usual seat in the front and mike took his towards the back, near the new kid. mr. graham began to take attendance.

“hanlon?”

“here.”

“kaspbrak?”

“here.” eddie's small voice squeaked out. he felt embarrassed for some reason.

“ripsom?”

“here.”

“richard tozier? oh, you're new aren't you?” mr. graham looked back down to his list of names.

“yeah, that would be me. call me richie.”

mr. graham finished attendance and his monotone voice told the class about the syllabus and everything they would read and analyze over the year. because of the lack of writing on the first day, and he

wasn't a lefty, it wasn't until third period that eddie noticed the moon in his palm was now brown.

Notes for the Chapter:

to clarify: somehow stan and bill never saw each other at their school, same with bev and ben. i like to think derry is a lil bigger than in the movies/books, so it's easier to miss out on your soulmates apparently. eddie, bill, and mike have been best friends since kindergarten, and bill introduced beverly to the losers club in the third grade when they kissed in the school play. and lastly, each mark does represent something about each of the losers but i'll leave that for you to figure out.

2. two

Notes for the Chapter:

thank you guys SO much for your support that i've gotten in the past day. it means so much to me and got me to pump out this chapter super fast. love you all and hope you enjoy it <3

what the actual fuck?! eddie was screaming internally. he met his soulmate and he didn't even realize? he's such a goddamn idiot. he started breathing unevenly and after all these years he knew what was happening. his right hand shot up in the air while his geometry teacher was going on about the syllabus.

“yes, edward?” she asked.

“can i.. please go to the bathroom?” eddie was trying to breathe normally but he couldn't. his chest was heaving. his teacher nodded and he speed walked out the door, inhaler in hand. the nearest bathroom was at the end of the hall and he couldn't get there fast enough. he shook the inhaler and pumped the trigger and comfort flooded through his lungs. “jesus fucking christ.” eddie exhaled. he set his palms on the edges of the sink, leaning his body against it slightly. his head bowed as his breathing slowed. he wish he had this under control.

“you okay there, wheezie?” eddie looked up into the mirror to see the new kid still wearing that tacky hawaiian shirt. he was exiting a stall, cigarette unlit between his fingers.

eddie felt his face go pink. “yes, dickweed. i'm fine. appreciate the concern though.” he scoffed and shook his head in annoyance.

the new kid strode out of the bathroom stall and leaned against the wall to eddie's right. he lifted the cigarette up towards eddie. “mind if i smoke this?” he had a shit eating grin plastered on his freckled face.

eddie glared daggers into the other kid's eyes. not answering his clearly dumb question, eddie decided to pretend he had no clue this

cute ass boy was. “who are you anyway? you new or something?”

“yeah. i’m richie tozier. moved here last month,” he shoved the cigarette behind his ear, somehow fitting it behind the frames of his glasses. he clearly has done this before, as anyone wouldn’t be able to do that with such ease. “who’re you, wheezie?”

eddie rolled his eyes. “eddie kaspbrak,” he paused. “and don’t fucking call me that.” he turned to walk out of the bathroom to go back to class. he heard the sound of a lighter ignite.

“sure thing, wheezie.”

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eddie decided to wait until the end of the school day to tell his friends he found his soulmate. he wanted to see all their reactions at once. he was first to arrive at the bike rack. as a nervous habit, he had always traced the outline of his mark. it brought a weird sense of safety to him. bill and stan showed up first, then mike, ben, and bev. eddie started pacing.

“eddie, what’s wrong?” of course beverly knew something was wrong. she always knew.

eddie ran his fingers through his hair, messing it up. he groaned. closing his eyes, he stuck out his left hand, mark glowing brownish gold. when he opened his eyes, the other five losers had huge smiles on their faces.

“eddie! that’s great!” stan said.

“yeah, ed! it is, but w-why do you l-look so...” bill trailed off.

“disappointed.” ben said, almost as if he had read eddie’s thoughts.

“i have no fucking clue who it is. it showed up sometime before third period. i’m an absolute idiot and didn’t notice it until then. or maybe it showed up in third. i don’t fucking know, guys!” eddie scoffed. “i’m sorry, can we just go to the quarry or something?” everyone nodded in agreement. eddie mounted the back of silver, as he stupidly hadn’t taken his bike to school.

they didn't even put a block between them and the school when they saw the annoyingly loud blue car driven by victor criss. they were all seniors now, and the losers' club were so happy that this would be the last year they had to deal with their bullshit. but they all knew it would probably be the worst year yet; their last hoorah before they graduated, if they pass. sure enough, the car came to a screeching halt and the four assholes jumped out of the car.

"hey faggots, how's it hanging?" henry bowers' voice sneered at them. the six losers looked at each other and slowly stopped their bikes. they knew it would only get worse if they tried biking away. victor started on ben, lifting his shirt above his head and pinching his stomach. he laughed loudly as ben toppled over, trying to get away.

belch burped loudly in stan's ear, causing stan to make a disgusted face and then patrick hockstetter walked up to him. "what, no frisbee today?" patrick patted the top of stan's hair, and pulled back slightly on his curls, causing stan to fall off his bike at the force.

bill wasn't having it. "henry, go the f-f-fuck away," his fists were clenched. "leave us alone."

mike stood up off of his bike, in front of everyone else, determined to try to defend his friends. "walk away." he said sternly.

the bowers' gang shared glances with each other, devilish grins on their ugly faces. belch pulled bill off of silver, and that caused eddie to fall with it. then patrick punched mike, and henry kicked bill's gut, *hard*, as bill groaned loudly and held his stomach in pain. stan scrambled over to help his boyfriend.

"hey wait, is this the four fuckwits i've heard so much about?" a voice said from behind the car. "aren't i supposed to get a warm, derry welcome from you guys? i'm hurt you chose these losers over me."

eddie snapped his head to see richie tozier with yet another cigarette hanging from his pink lips. he removed it and put it out on victor's car. "you're fucking dead, tozier!" henry screamed.

"thank me later, wheezie!" richie yelled as he started sprinting towards the aladdin. the bowers' gang hurriedly got in the car, but

not before kicking bill again. the tires screeched away on the hot asphalt, turning out of sight.

eddie kneeled onto the sidewalk to see if bill was okay. “w-who the hell was that, ed-eddie?” bill said through gritted teeth.

“yeah, i’d like to know too, since he practically saved bill’s life.” stan said softly, rubbing circles onto his back. “can you stand?” he said to bill. bill nodded, wincing slightly as he stood.

eddie fiddled with his bag, still getting the spare first aid kit he kept in one of his pouches in his backpack. he grabbed a piece of gauze for mike, since his nose was bleeding, and a bandaid for stan’s scraped knees. “that was richie tozier. he’s one of the new kids. met him in the bathroom. me and mike have english with him.” eddie spoke as if he was reading off a list. “do you want me to bike the rest of the way to the quarry, bill?” bill gratefully nodded and got on stan’s bike instead. he wrapped his arms around his waist and leaned his head on his back. eddie couldn’t help but smile.

“so, onto the question that every one has been wondering for the past hour,” beverly began. the losers have been lounging at the rocks on the quarry, enjoying each other’s company and bitching about school. mike talked about football tryouts on saturday, ben and bev talked about joining book club, and bill talked, more like rambled excitedly, about his creative writing class. eddie had been pretty quiet, and no one brought up his soulmate as they wanted him to do it first. “who’s your soulmate, eddie?” beverly had a small smile tugging at her lips.

“i’m gonna try and figure it out tomorrow. someone obviously has the same mark as me, and i have class with them or passed them in the hall between periods. should be pretty easy.” eddie shrugged. subconsciously he began tracing his mark, thinking of who the hell it could have belonged to.

“yeah, sure, unless it’s in a weird obscure place.” stan retorted.

“y’know stan, why do you have to be the logical one here? you ruin everything.” eddie said, chuckling softly. that made stan grin.

“it's a gift.” everyone started laughing.

“you'll find him, eddie,” beverly said, putting her hand on his shoulder. “don't worry. it might be twenty years from now, but you'll run into him randomly at a pharmacy getting cough medicine for his cold, and you refuse to talk to him because he'll get you sick. until you notice his mark.”

“bev, this isn't a john hughes movie.” he had a small blush forming on his cheeks. “that's cute as fuck, though.” she giggled at that.

“w-well go scouring through the halls of derry high t-tomorrow, eddie. d-d-don't you worry. y-you'll find him.” bill smiled as he threaded his fingers through stan's.

stan gave him a kiss on the cheek. “it's getting late, i better get going. you guys know how my dad is.” bill nodded.

“i'll ride home with you.” he glanced at eddie.

“it's fine, i was planning on walking home, bill. go ahead.” eddie, knowing why he hesitated spoke out before bill had the chance.

“thanks, eddie.”

“no problem.”

bill smiled. “see you guys tomorrow.”

the other four losers decided to stay until the sun started dipping beneath the clouds. mike had to bike all the way out to the outskirts of derry to the farm, so eddie rode on the back of mike's bike to the pharmacy. he had to pick up his placebos and his mom's actual medication. “bye mike, thanks for the ride. see you tomorrow.”

“bye eddie!” mike grinned, the gauze still stuck up his nose. he looked like an idiot. that made eddie grin right back.

the bell of the pharmacy rang as eddie walked up to the front desk where greta's father was. “the usual refills, eddie?” eddie nodded curtly. a moment later he returned with a small baggie of the meds and eddie said goodbye. a man walked in and stood behind eddie, as

eddie paid for the medication. the man asked to buy a pack of parliament smokes. eddie rolled his eyes.

“bye, mr. bowie, thank you again.” as eddie walked out of the pharmacy he unzipped his bag so he could but the pills inside of his bag.

“wheezie, we meet once again.” richie tozier spoke.

eddie closed his bag and swung it onto his shoulders. he turned his head to the right to see richie leaned up against the brick wall in the alley between the pharmacy and the record store. he frowned when he saw the masking tape on the bridge of his glasses, no doubt caused by the bullies. his nose had dried blood underneath it, and his lip was busted open. this sight couldn't help but make eddie feel guilty. “holy shit, richie. they did a number on you.”

he shrugged. “eh, would have been worse twice as bad if i actually got away from them. no biggie.” the man who was behind eddie handed richie the pack of cigarettes. “thanks, dude.” he handed him a five dollar bill.

“really?” eddie rolled his eyes. “gross.” he was used to cigarettes because beverly smoked them often, but it still annoyed him when she did it.

“what?” richie asked, raising his eyebrows. he pulled out a parliament and stuck it between his lips. “oh. sorry.” he lit it anyways, causing eddie to scoff and walk away towards home. “you never did thank me, wheezie.”

richie was following him. “why are you following me?” eddie was started to get irritated. this boy would not leave him alone.

“i live down here. calm down, eddie spaghetti.” richie laughed.

“eddie spaghetti? seriously? are you twelve?” eddie couldn't help but chuckle at the stupid nickname.

richie puffed from his cigarette. “i'm very mature for my age, thank you. your mom thinks so too.”

“ew, come on, dude.” eddie had such a disgusted look on his face, it was priceless.

richie laughed loudly and blew out the smoke. there was a comfortable silence between the two. they had only just met but it still felt like they've known each other for ages. out of curiosity, eddie started looking at every inch of richie's body to see where his mark was. he was staring at this point. “take a picture, it'll last longer, eds.”

“d-don't call me that.” eddie was flustered as hell. he was caught in the act. had the sun not been beating down on them, turning their skin warm and orange, it would have been incredibly noticeable how red his face was and eddie would have died of embarrassment.

richie laughed. eddie started tracing his mark out of habit. richie stopped laughing as he looked back up to eddie. “that's a cool mark you got there. never seen one like that.”

eddie looked up to meet richie's eyes. “oh,” he laughed. “yeah, i just got it today. i don't know who my match is though, i wasn't paying attention when it showed up.”

richie nodded. he stopped, and put his cigarette out on the sidewalk, stepping on it. “i'll see you in english tomorrow, eddie.” he walked backwards, going towards what was obviously his house, still making eye contact.

eddie raised his left hand to wave. “bye,” he stood there, in front of his house until richie was in front of his front door. he then spoke up. “hey, richie?”

the other boy turned around. “yeah?”

“thanks for saving our asses earlier.” eddie said.

“anything for a fellow loser.” richie raised two fingers as a half salute, and opened his door and disappeared.

eddie then resumed his walk back home, thinking about how he was glad he didn't ride his bike to school.

3. three

Notes for the Chapter:

forgot to mention: title is based on the song "out of my league" by fitz and the tantrums.

this is kinda long but i love you guys, thank you so much for your overwhelming support on this fic <3

eddie was the first to arrive at the bike racks the next morning. he wanted to really look for his soulmate. it's not that he was desperate or anything, his curiosity was just getting to the better of him. he bounced on his heels, hugging his own arms to try and warm up. it was only the beginning of september in maine, but derry took no time to get bone chillingly cold once the months change. eddie had to trade his short shorts for jeans today unfortunately.

bev arrived next, no doubt trying to get out of the house as fast as possible to avoid her creep of a father. bev doesn't like talking about it, but one day something terrible happened and she had to stay the night at bill's house. there's been an unbreakable bond between them ever since. "hey, loser. what's crackin'?" she was sporting a dress with her typical black doc martens, her ginger hair a little longer than eddie's.

"soul searching, as usual." his eyes were scanning the crowd that just got off of a school bus.

bev rolled her eyes. "eddie, come on. is it really the end of the world if you don't find him?"

eddie had a blank look on his face, locking eyes with her. "yes."

before bev could continue to tell eddie how irrational he was being, bill and stan showed up hand in hand. "f-find him yet, eddie?"

"no. and he's being an idiot. as usual." bev said, crossing her arms.

"um, excuse me. i am being perfectly rational about this situation." eddie said, slightly offended.

“yeah? is that why you got here like, twenty minutes earlier than usual?” beverly countered.

“guys, come on. he just wants to find the person he’s destined to be with for eternity.” stan said.

“thank you! i’m not being crazy here.”

“you’re being a little obsessive, eddie.” mike said. he must have just showed up. and he had his arm around a girl eddie has seen in the halls a few times. she had long, curly black hair that went almost to her butt. she had small wired glasses perched on her nose, and sure enough, a glowing turtle mark on her collarbone.

“wait a minute. did you—” eddie was cut off by a screech coming from beverly.

“finally! another girl! hi, i’m beverly!” bev crowed happily.

“hi! i’m samantha, but just call me sam.” she extended her hand for beverly, but bev just hugged her instead.

“mike. bless your soul,” bev said. “go on, spill. how’d it happen.” ben finally showed up after beverly said this, and she pointed excitedly to mike and sam. the pieces clicked in ben’s brain and an ‘o’ formed on his mouth.

“well, i was running late this morning and had to take the bus. i saw her mark and sat next to her. it’s nothing special.” mike smiled sheepishly and shrugged. “i’m just glad i found her, honestly.”

sam smiled. “good thing he ran late this morning, i guess.”

“congrats, you guys!” eddie put on a fake smile. now he knew he was being pathetic. he’s actually jealous over mike finally finding his match. he tuned out the new conversation the losers started. he put all his attention and focus on looking for someone, anyone with a brown faded mark. since derry is relatively small, people found their soulmates pretty quickly. in some cases though, like ben and bev, it’s more difficult when you live in a different town. ben spoke about what it was like in new york before he moved here. he knew that his soulmate wasn’t there, he felt detached and no connection to anyone

there. eddie always felt empty. maybe his soulmate isn't even in derry.

“e-eddie? you o-okay?” bill was snapping his fingers in front of eddie's face.

“yeah, sorry. i just zoned out for a sec,” eddie saw richie tozier sitting near the courtyard on a bench, smoking a cigarette of course. “hey, there's richie. the guy who saved bill's lousy ass yesterday.”

richie made eye contact with eddie and sluggishly stood up. he walked over to the group. “sup, losers.”

“guys, this is richie. richie, this is the losers' club.” eddie said, motioning towards eddie, then everyone else.

“t-thank you for yesterday,” bill began. “i see y-you didn't get away.” he pointed at richie's poorly fixed glasses.

“it's all good. i had it coming,” richie said. “yesterday i told henry mullets are only for cousin fucking hicks. he didn't like that.” richie took one last drag from his cigarette, and twisted his clearly worn out converse on the pavement to put it out.

everyone laughed at that. they all talked amongst themselves, telling the typical facts about yourself when you first meet someone. eddie learned richie moved from vermont to maine, and sam was going to try out for cheerleading.

the first bell rang and signaled that it was time to go to class. “well, welcome to the losers' club, richie.” bev said, waving goodbye as she walked off with ben.

everyone had lunch fifth period, and eddie and stan were the first to arrive at the table they always sat at. eddie's fingers were tapping rapidly against the table, and his leg was bouncing, a nervous twitch he's done for as long as he can remember. “holy shit, can you calm down?”

“sorry, stan. i'm just kind of irritated.” he had absolutely no luck

trying to find out who his soulmate was. he spent the majority of the first three periods eyeballing every boy in his classes. eddie halted his movements and looked at his friend, who was wiping down the area he was about to sit in with a wet wipe. eddie had already done this a minute ago. his hypochondria might not have been as severe as a few years ago, but germs still grossed him out. stan's ocd made him and eddie relatively close, as they never wanted to do anything disgusting or out of the ordinary that bill, ben, and mike wanted to do. eddie remembered when he and bill were younger, he refused to make mud pies. he wouldn't even sit in the grass with him.

“it's fine, just... chill.” stan smiled as he grabbed his perfectly organized lunch box from his backpack. he started nibbling on his food. eddie didn't even want to eat.

“what if i already met him, and it's just flying over my head. like... what if it's that weird kid from our gym class, stan?”

stan started laughing as beverly showed up next, setting her bag down on the floor behind her seat. “what's so funny?”

“eddie's soulmate is nick newburg.” beverly gaped and started smacking the table as she laughed loudly.

stan and bev were in tears from laughing so hard, and eddie wasn't even remotely amused. “no! he's not! shut the fuck up, stan!” he kept trying to protest their laughter, but they just would not stop. bill and mike showed up next, sam coming up from behind and hugging mike. bill had a puzzled look on his face and eddie's face was starting to get red.

“w-what? the hell?” bill questioned. eddie's face fell in his hands.

“oh, come on, eddie. i'm just picking on you.” stan took a deep breath as he tried to calm down. “i told bev eddie's soulmate was nick newburg, and now he's mad.” stan explained, as ben plopped down next to beverly. eventually the laughter died down, and the seven kids all took their seats and started eating their lunch, except for eddie.

“have you checked richie yet?” ben said, suddenly. everyone looked

at him.

“what?” eddie titled his head to the right, looking intently at the pudgy boy.

“well, the mark showed up yesterday. richie is new and he's in your first period class. he fits the profile.” ben shrugged and took another bite of his sandwich.

eddie thought about it. ben was right. “i mean, i walked home with him last night. and i checked his arms and shit. he wore pants so i couldn't see his legs.” this sounded slightly creepy.

“you walked *home* with him? and you didn't tell us?” beverly asked. she looked really surprised.

“it wasn't a first date, bev. i ran into him at the pharmacy and he lives near my street. it wasn't even five minutes long.” eddie explained.

“speak of the devil,” bev said, smiling. richie sat down next to eddie.

“oh, you were talking about me?” richie put his hand on his chest. in a dramatic high pitched british accent, he said, “i'm swooning. eddie, dear, catch me for i might faint.” richie put the back of his hand on his forehead and leaned back onto eddie.

eddie swatted him, “get off of me, you idiot.”

“but why were you talking about me? i'm honored, really.”

“don't flatter yourself,” eddie said. “we were just talking about—”

“—how we're going to the quarry after school today, and how since you and sam are the newest members of the world renowned losers' club, we were going to ask you to go with us.” beverly finished, winking at eddie.

eddie opened his mouth, but was once again cut off. “y-yeah, it's tradition.” bill nodded.

“i like your style, losers.” richie put on that trademark shit eating

grin, and eddie's face flushed.

-

eddie, richie, sam, and mike didn't bring their bikes, so the rest of the losers insisted on walking to the quarry instead. there was room on the back of the bicycles, but bill thought it would be more fun if they spent the extra time walking there. it had warmed up since this morning, though the air still had a chilly breeze so the journey left the losers sweating. they had to walk all the way to the top of the cliff, and all of them were ready to cool off in the water.

“so,” richie said, eyeing the large drop in front of them. “who's going first?”

beverly rolled her eyes and toed off her doc martens. “what a bunch of pussies,” she muttered. she pulled her dress over her head, and with a running start, did a flip off the cliff's edge.

this left the boys speechless. sam just laughed, following suit and stripped down to her bra and underwear. she leaped off the cliff next, screaming as she dropped into the water below.

“*what the fuck?!*” richie exclaimed. “boys, did we just get showed up by not one, but two girls?”

“come on, you pussies!” beverly yelled from below. mike was next, and one by one every other loser jumped off the cliff, until it was just richie and eddie.

“y'know, eddie spaghetti,” richie began. “i'm afraid of heights.”

was richie really sharing this vulnerability with eddie? “is that so? you're afraid of heights, but not scared of being pummeled by the bowers' gang.”

richie shook off his ugly hawaiian shirt and peeled off the shirt underneath it. then, he untied his ugly converse. “yep,” richie then unbuttoned his jeans, and stepped out of them. eddie had already been in his boxers this whole time, too scared to jump. “but i'm sure you'll give me the courage, right?” richie had a smirk on his face. “after all, you owe me for yesterday.”

"richie, i swear to—" eddie's screams cut off his sentence as he was pushed off the cliff by richie. he closed his mouth and plugged his nose as his body hit the water. he surfaced, rubbed his eyes, and then pushed his wet mop of hair back. "are you fucking kidding me?!" everyone was laughing at him.

richie screamed 'cannonball!' and a huge splash enveloped the losers in water. they all floated around for half an hour or so, making bets who can stay underwater the longest, who will win in a game of chicken fight (it was mike every single time he got on someone's shoulders), and they all just enjoyed the company of each other.

"all right, i'm getting all pruney." richie stated. "last one back to shore has to go get everyone's stuff!" richie started wading pack to the shore, and yelps from the other losers as they tried to catch up. mike ended up beating him. "goddamn it, you're going to be on the football team! it's not fair!" richie complained. the last ones on shore were stan and bill.

"w-we'll go together. it was a t-t-tie for last place anyway. plus, he can't c-carry all that stuff alone." stan nodded in agreement.

"just say you wanna make out and go." eddie teased. bill and stan's faces went beet red as they turned and left, causing everyone to laugh. eddie's eyes fell to richie's bare chest. richie was leaning back on his hands, legs stretched out on the rocks. eddie was to the right of him, sitting cross legged.

"so, did me and sam complete our initiation test to the infamous losers' club? are we officially..." richie leaned his head forward and whispered, "losers?"

beverly scoffed. "i mean, sam and i aren't. we went first. you and eddie? definitely losers."

richie continued bickering with bev while eddie took the time to continue to stare. richie still didn't have his glasses so hopefully he wouldn't notice where eddie's eyes were. ben realized what eddie was doing, and he was behind richie so he searched his back for eddie. he made eye contact and shook his head. *shit*, eddie thought. *no mark anywhere*.

the sun was still out, and the losers were trying to dry off as this wasn't planned and no one had a towel. bill and stan came back nearly twenty minutes later, clothes in their hands. bill's hair was a complete mess and his lips were slightly swollen. stan's cheeks were tinted pink, his hair, because of his curls, was an even bigger mess. they were frizzy and it almost looked like he was trying to bring afros back from the dead. "jesus fucking christ, took you long enough!" richie said, trying to fake being annoyed. "horny teenagers sucking each other off in the woods." he muttered, impersonating an old lady.

"shut the hell up, trashmouth." stan countered, his cheeks turning a deeper pink.

"trashmouth? i'll have you know my mouth does wonders. wheezie's mom said so last night." richie said smugly. eddie gasped as his mouth opened, but nothing came out. he was devoid of the english language right now. "see? eddie knows of our secret relationship. it's time we came out," richie sighed. "i am deeply in love with mrs. kaspbrak. in fact, we're soulmates. i met her last night and my mark glowed the best shade of gold i have ever seen. we're star crossed lovers, my friends." he said this is such a dramatic manner, it actually made eddie want to vomit at the thought of richie dating his mother.

"dude, shut your mouth for one fucking second, would you?" eddie was shaking his head as he couldn't help but smile. "the marks are brown, by the way, you goddamn idiot."

eddie and richie walked home again at six o'clock. the sun was nearly on the horizon already, a telltale sign that summer was indeed over. "so," eddie began. they reached the town again, and they had said goodbye to the others as they parted ways. "you told us pretty much everything about you, except about your mark. if you don't mind me asking, why is that?" richie tensed slightly. "you do owe me from throwing me in the quarry earlier."

richie nodded. "i think they're bullshit. i didn't want to throw that out there while you guys were talking about meeting each other." he shrugged slightly. "seemed kind of rude to say i don't believe in something when clearly everyone else does."

“why? i mean, i’m not going against your beliefs or anything, but...” eddie trailed off.

richie bit his lip and hesitated. “my parents were soulmates, matching marks glowing gold and all. they showed me that just because you’re soulmates doesn’t mean everything is perfect. they were far from it.”

eddie nodded. “my uh, my dad died when i was two years old. i barely remember him. my parents were soulmates too. I don’t know how he died, just that it was some sickness. ever since my mom has been overbearing and protective over me. she gave me placebos to make me think i was sick too. i didn’t want to end up like my dad. i don’t even have asthma, i just have to take a hit off of my inhaler whenever i get anxious.” eddie paused. “i know she was doing it out of love, but it was wrong. and i know that parents aren’t the greatest. and i know that i somehow found my soulmate, and he is out there somewhere in derry, but that doesn’t mean he is my one true love. i love my friends, those fucking losers. they’re my soulmates. just because you don’t believe it doesn’t mean they don’t exist.”

“good point, eds,” was all richie said. for once he actually shut up. “i guess you’re right.” he nodded, somewhat not believing it himself. they arrived at richie’s house, and a volkswagen was in the driveway unlike last night. “shit.” richie whispered. eddie didn’t hear him. “and wheezie? sorry for pushing you in. i promise i’ll make it up to you.” richie smiled and walked up to his door, opening it and disappearing once again.

Notes for the Chapter:

if any of you were wondering about the losers’ sexualities: bill, stan and eddie are gay as hell, beverly is pansexual, richie is bisexual, and ben and mike are the only Straights™

4. four

Notes for the Chapter:

here kiddos have some well deserved fluff <3

late on friday night, eddie's peaceful sleep was disrupted by a rhythmic thumping on his bedroom window. he sleepily opened his eyes, blinking quickly to try and wake up a little. he was confused, but overall he couldn't help the feeling of fear creep up his spine. cautiously, he swung his legs over his bed and peeked through his curtains. thanks to the moon and flickering fluorescent street lights, eddie could somewhat make out a face that belonged to richie tozier. his shoulders untensed as he opened his window. "tozier," eddie hissed, keeping his voice above a whisper. "what the fuck are you doing? it's two in the morning."

"come outside," richie said casually. he reached into his pocket and pulled out his pack of parliaments. "please?"

"why? i literally met you two days ago. you're probably going to kill me and chop my body up into tiny pieces." eddie remained skeptical. why on earth is richie tozier throwing rocks at his window as if they were in a cheesy romantic comedy bev would drag the losers to see? (secretly eddie loved them, but he would never let anyone know that.)

"just please come out," richie lit his cigarette, the flame reflecting on his bespectacled eyes. "do i have to spoil the surprise?"

once again, eddie's curiosity got the best of him. "fine. just give me a few minutes." he shut his window and got dressed quickly, wanting to waste none of richie's time. something obviously had to be important if he showed up at 2am, right? he hastily put on a pair of sweatpants and some tube socks. he figured it was going to be cold so he threw on a light sweater. not wanting to wake up his mom, eddie reopened his window and stuck his head out. "okay, i'm coming down."

an amused smirk stretched across richie's face. "you know that your

house has an amazing invention called a door, right?"

eddie stuck one of his legs out of his window, ducking his head as he fit one half of his body through it. "hardy har! shut the fuck up, einstein." eddie quipped. suddenly he was glad puberty wasn't kind to him. the other losers, including bev, exceeded eddie's height. he was stuck at five foot five inches while everyone else was nearing six foot or passed it. bill was the tallest, hitting six foot in the summer before their freshman year. yet another thing eddie was jealous of; the list was getting longer by the second.

"have you done this before?" richie asked, a hint of curiosity leaving his mouth.

"yeah," eddie lied. "a few times." eddie would never sneak out of the house without his mother's permission. she would never let him leave the house ever again. he was now out of his window, feet dangling as he kicked them trying to find something to latch onto. his bedroom was on the second story of his house, but it wasn't a huge drop. he could probably stick the landing without getting injured. "i'm gonna drop down." he said to richie.

"woah, woah, woah," richie said, his eyes widening. "you're gonna hurt yourself, numbnuts."

"it's not that big of a drop, i'll be fine." eddie insisted. he closed his eyes as he let go of the windowsill, expecting his legs to bend and break at the impact. instead, he landed in richie's arms, both of them collapsing onto the grass.

richie groaned. "dude, you're heavy as fuck. you look like a twig, why are you so heavy?" their legs were tangled together and eddie was on top of richie. heat flooded eddie's cheeks as he scrambled to get off of him.

"why did you do that?" he mumbled, trying not to seem embarrassed.

"you were going to kill yourself," richie shot back. "how about a, 'thank you richie, my gallant knight in shining armor. you saved me, your damsel in distress, however may i repay thy?'" he said this in one of his many stupid impressions. eddie rolled his eyes and brushed

off his now wet ass. it was probably all muddy from the grass, making it look like he shit himself.

“what do you want?” eddie extended his right hand to help richie up. richie accepted and gripped his smaller hand tightly, pulling himself up. eddie quickly let go, the feeling of richie's calloused fingers lingering on his hand.

richie took a deep breath and said, “i'm taking you on an adventure, edward spaghetti kaspbrak.”

the two walked to the park that was a few blocks away from eddie's house. they barely talked the whole time; it was nice. they just listened to the crickets and sounds of branches rustling in the wind. in any other situation, eddie would have been terrified he was going to be killed by an ax wielding maniac, but a weird sense of peacefulness resided in him. “your idea of adventure is a playground?” eddie asked once he realized where they were.

“hey, i'm new in derry. what else is open at 2am, smartass?” richie replied, walking over to the swings. he sat down on the rubber and began swinging his legs, gaining momentum. eddie just looked at it in digsust.

“do you know how many germs are on these things? school children rubbing their dirty hands and runny noses on them, nasty.” eddie ranted to richie, who just looked at him.

“you don't have to swing, just sit here with me,” richie suggested. eddie still wouldn't move. “please?” he stuck out his bottom lip and began pouting like a kicked puppy.

eddie rolled his eyes and obliged, keeping his hands strictly in his lap. “so, what do you wanna talk about?”

“do you know who your soulmate is? or do you at least have an idea?” richie kicked the rocks that were littered on the ground as he used his long legs to stop swinging.

“no,” eddie shrugged. “and i'll be fine without knowing, it's not like

i'll die." eddie paused for a moment. "what about you? do you have a match?"

richie let out a breathy laugh. "it's kinda complicated," he looked down at the same dirty chuck taylors he wears every single day. eddie was staring at him to go on and explain what the hell that meant. "in a way, i guess."

"is it someone back in vermont?" eddie asked.

"uh, no. they're in derry." richie answered.

eddie grinned. "oh, who is it? do i know her? spill, now." he turned his body slightly to face richie, who was still staring at the gravel in front of him.

"no, you don't know him." richie said quickly.

eddie's brows furrowed when he heard 'him.' "wait, are you gay?"

richied laughed. "no, i'm bisexual."

eddie nodded slowly. "you'll just fuck anything that moves, won't you?"

richie literally threw his head back as he cackled, his whole chest heaving. "yeah, if you wanna put it that way, eds." it grew quiet again, and eddie did what he did best and started to stare at richie. he was wearing yet another hideous hawaiian shirt. he had a denim jacket that was way too big for him; maybe it belonged to his father.

"where's your mark?" eddie asked without thinking. he kind of regretted saying that.

richie just smirked. "well, eds, i'll bend over and show—"

"stop... right now. just stop." eddie cut him off, smiling. "but, really. is it actually on your ass? or are you just being one?"

"why do you wanna know?" this came out a lot harsher than richie was trying to sound. he sighed when he realized he was being an asshole. "sorry. it's not on my ass, no." eddie could tell the

conversation was over. he didn't want to push too far and cross the line. this was the beginning of a good friendship and eddie didn't want to jeopardize that. richie got up and set his jacket down on the grass that was in front of them. he layed down on top of it, presumably to not get wet. "come on down, wheezie. the view will just take your breath away."

"that was terrible." eddie said. but the view was actually worse than that joke. there were clouds almost filling the entire blank canvas of a sky. only a few stars were visible, and the moon was already behind the clouds.

"you know what that constellation is called?" richie said, pointing up at nothing particular.

eddie pretended to know what he was talking about. "no, enlighten me please."

"that there is called edward eddie spaghetti wheezie eds kaspbrak."

eddie turned his head to the right, and he didn't realize how close he and richie actually were. "that was pathetic." eddie whispered. his breath hitched when richie's head turn to face him too.

"you loved it," richie said softly. before eddie could react, richie's lips pressed against his own. it was soft and quick, almost as if it hadn't happened. "is this okay?" he whispered.

eddie thought for a second about just how many germs were in the human mouth. more than a dog's mouth. his mother would never approve. he decided he didn't care anymore. "it's more than okay," this time eddie initiated this kiss. truthfully, he had no clue what he was doing. this was his first kiss. he just kept his lips pressed against richie's, but when richie moved his lips more, eddie never wanted it to end. richie's tongue grazed the bottom of his lip. he tasted like nicotine and bubblegum. richie pulled back, breaking the kiss. eddie swallowed roughly. "oh, wow." he said, breathless.

"yeah. wow," richie agreed. eddie's cheeks were burning furiously. "what's that your first kiss, eddie spaghetti?" he had that dumb fucking shit eating grin on his face once again.

“why? was it bad? did i suck?” eddie sat up, suddenly feeling insecure.

“no, no. it was perfect,” richie reassured him. he joined eddie, crossing his legs. “i can just tell from the way you’re blushing ridiculously even in the dark.”

“oh god.” eddie put his head in his hands. richie just laughed.

“hey, you know that it’s nearly four in the morning, right?” richie said, glancing at his watch on his right wrist.

“really? i guess we should go.” the two walked home in the darkness, hands brushing and shoulders bumping into each other. their giggles filled the atmosphere, leaving eddie with a permanent blush embedded onto his cheeks. by the time they got to eddie’s house, it was nearly 5am. eddie was going to say his goodbyes, maybe even sneak in another kiss, until he saw richie’s emotionless face staring at him. “richie? are you okay?”

richie started pacing back and forth on the front lawn. “eds, i can’t. i can’t,” he went on mumbling some incoherent words, rambling on and on.

“what? richie what is it?” eddie was starting to worry.

“i can’t. i don’t want to say it, because then it’s true.” eddie walked up to him and put his hands on his cheeks, kissing him to shut him the fuck up.

“you can tell me,” eddie whispered, pressing his forehead against richie’s. “i swear.”

tears threatened to escape richie’s eyes, and he wanted nothing more to keep them in. he can’t look vulnerable. not the one constantly making jokes, making everyone else happy. but at the same time richie knew the one thing eddie didn’t. that burning mark behind his ear, hidden by his mop of curls and glasses. “my mom,” richie’s finger clamped over his mouth, trying to stifle his sobs. “is an alcoholic. and she hates me,” he sniffled, rubbing his sleeves under his eyes aggressively. “i hate her too. the reason we left vermont is because of

my dad, he..." richie sighed and looked up at eddie, who's face was caked in concern. "he's just a piece of shit. slept with every woman he met. hit my mom when she wasn't drunk. they would sometimes be gone for days to go drinking. leave me alone at home to fend for myself. god, i'm sorry." richie shook his head, wishing he never said anything.

"stay here. with me. you can stay as long as you want." eddie said without hesitation. "please?"

"okay." eddie grabbed his hand and dragged him inside. they creped up the stairs, making sure not to accidentally wake up mrs. k. they entered eddie's room, and eddie shut the door quietly, locking it so his mom wouldn't see them. she always woke him up in the morning and if she saw richie with him, god knows what she would do. richie took off his denim jacket and shoes, sniffling as he looked at eddie. "thank you so much, eds."

"of course, richie," eddie smiled softly. "do you want sweatpants or something? or do you even sleep in those terrible ripped jeans?"

richie chuckled. "these are my favorite jeans. how dare you." eddie rolled his eyes as he fished another pair of sweats for richie, throwing them at him. richie took off his glasses, setting them on the bedside table and they both climbed into eddie's small twin bed, giggling when richie almost fell off a few times. the pair fell asleep in each other's arms, richie cuddled up into eddie's chest. he cried a little more that night once eddie fell asleep. not because of his mom or dad, but because of eddie. he cried wondering why he couldn't just tell him he was his soulmate, that they were meant to be. he was just so terrified of being in love. he couldn't help but feel eddie would leave him too, just like everyone else. richie still thought it was bullshit. after spending time with eddie he realized he might be wrong. but richie was still right about one thing; he wasn't good enough for eddie kaspbrak.

Notes for the Chapter:

phew that was a lot more angsty than i thought it would be LOL

5. five

Notes for the Chapter:

this is a filler and it kinda sux but enjoy anyway
[reddie playlist](#)

i do reference some of the songs in this fic, but it's not necessary to listen to it!

eddie's bedroom door being pounded on was the thing that ripped him from his slumber. "eddie!" his door handle was repeatedly being shook, trying to barge in.

"shit," eddie whispered. "yeah, mom! hold on a sec," he yelled. he started to try and wake richie up, moving the bigger boy's body vigorously. "richie, wake the hell up."

"jesus, five more minutes..." he snuggled into eddie's chest more, sighing.

this made eddie's insides melt, but he knew that his mom had a spare key to his room. she didn't respect his privacy at all. "please, richie. we can cuddle after you hide in my closet." the banging stopped and he knew his mom left, no doubt getting the key.

one of richie's eyes opened, looking at eddie. "really? your closet?" but, he got up anyway, shuffling to eddie's tiny closet. "this is so ironic." richie muttered as he slid the door closed.

eddie unlocked his door, walking out casually. he was still in the clothes from last night. his mom was huffing up the stairs, spare key in hand. "eddie, what on earth do you think you're doing locking your door like that? i was worried sick."

eddie just scoffed, crossing his arms. "sorry for wanting a little privacy, mom. i am fifteen."

"why would you need privacy?" his mom asked, her eyes belittling him as they looked at him up and down, scanning every crevice of his body.

he felt majorly uncomfortable. “because i’m my own person? and i don’t need my mother breathing down my neck every second of every day?” eddie spat these words out, staring back at his mother in disgust. “would it kill you to let me live my own life?”

“how dare you speak to me that way? i am your mother, edward. treat me with respect!” his mother inched closer to him, and he can almost smell her nasty breath in his face. the floorboards creaked as she did so.

“i do respect you! all i want is some space, the least you can do is respect me back!” eddie was furious. the last time an argument like this happened was two years ago in the summer of ‘89. he never wanted to think about that night again.

“i’m just protecting you, eddie! i worry!”

“i don’t need your protection,” eddie spoke harshly through gritted teeth. “you fed me lies for thirteen years of my life. i’m never getting that back because of your bullshit. i know you’re trying to keep me from becoming like dad, but living like that is already making me wish i was dead.” once the last word left from his lips, his mother slapped him across eddie’s right cheek. her hand was cold and stiff, kind of like her heart. the impact caused eddie’s knees to buckle at the force, and he fumbled down to the hardwood floor. hot tears stung his eyes, his marked palm touching his face. he just sat there, stunned, not knowing what to do. he thought of richie in the closet, waiting patiently for eddie to return. he thought of his mother standing right in front of him, looking down at him with an ugly look on her face. three more chins formed as she looked at him, tears rolling against them.

a pair of arms were around him, and eddie knew they were richie’s. “fuck you, mrs. kaspbrak.” he spat. her face fell from guilt, to just pure anger. she opened her mouth to say something, but she just shut it, not finding the words or just deciding against it. then richie basically dragged eddie to stand, leading him back down the hall into his room. richie slammed the door and put the chair that went to his desk against the handle. mrs. k could probably get in if she really wanted to, but judging by the look on her face, she wouldn’t. eddie just stared blankly at his wall. his hand was still on his cheek, tears

falling down softly. the cool liquid bringing relief to his burning red cheek. absentmindedly, he took the index finger of his right hand and traced the crescent moon, still crying and staring into nothingness. eddie was empty.

after a good ten minutes of hardcore sobbing into richie's chest, eddie collected himself and the two climbed out of his bedroom window. it was a lot harder for richie, since he was so much taller, but he could actually land the drop without injuring himself thanks to the extra inches. he caught eddie once again in his arms, only this time successfully. they just walked around derry for a half an hour, in mostly silence with a few dirty jokes thrown in here and there by richie. he didn't know how to cheer eddie up, there really wasn't a way to do it. richie knows personally how terrible it is to get mistreated by a parent, and he wanted nothing more than to see eddie smile again. the red handprint was still etched onto his right cheek, a deadly reminder of what happened earlier. it made richie so sad every time he looked over to his soulmate, expecting to see him smile that bullshit smile, but only saw sad, dead looking eyes and the handprint. "hey, let's spend the night at bill's tonight, yeah?" richie said, suddenly. it would be nice. all the other losers could come, too.

"yeah, that's a great idea, richie," eddie smiled at him. "thanks."

richie just nodded, smiling back. "we'll be okay, you know that right?" there was a rare case that richie was ever serious, but he knew that he needed to be. "we can get through this. together."

eddie's hand found his, and their fingers threaded together perfectly, as if they were meant to be. *they were*, richie thought. *we are*.

bill fully accepted the idea of a sleepover, saying three days of school was enough to give them a break. he called the rest of the losers, telling them to bring tons of snacks and movies. eddie and richie stood awkwardly in the kitchen, next to the landline connected to the wall. his parents actually weren't home for the weekend, and his little brother georgie was at a friend's already.

“s-so,” bill said, after hanging up the phone after calling ben. “w-who's ready to get drunk tonight?”

“seriously?” eddie said. “won't your parents notice?”

“nah, they d-don't drink a lot. w-we can just f-fill the b-bottles up with w-water when we're d-done.” bill shrugged.

“stuttering bill, you devious bastard.” richie said, shaking his head with a grin on his face.

-

everyone arrived by six o'clock, mike being last because of football tryouts. sam's parents wouldn't let her come over because they hadn't met mike yet, and it was supposed to be some grand occasion. he didn't know if he made the team until monday, and he was already stressing it. bev was trying to reassure him that he would make it, but he wasn't so sure. he mumbled something about being the only black kid who was there, but no one heard him.

“so, what are we drinking first?” richie said, rubbing his hands together excitedly.

stan just blinked at him, and bill said, “r-richie, it's only six thirty.”

eddie just started laughing, and walked towards the living room. “you guys are no fun.” richie said, following eddie.

“what do you guys wanna watch? i brought a whole lot of movies.” ben said, motioning towards his bag. and he wasn't kidding. in his bag that was normally chock full of books, there was a whole array of movies, ranging from cheesy chick flicks to horror. they agreed on the silence of the lambs, since they couldn't see it in theaters earlier this year due to its r rating. also so the couples could cuddle during the scary parts without being yelled at. eddie and stan had their hands over their eyes half the movie, despite it not even being that scary. as soon as the credits started rolling, arguing between bev and stan began about the ending. stan insisted it was open ended and plain dumb, where bev debated it was supposed to be that way; making you feel creeped out that hannibal lector is going to eat you

next because he's a free man.

"okay, n-n-now i need a drink." bill said, removing the arms that belonged to his now screaming boyfriend from his hips.

"finally!" richie said. "huzzah, my dear comrades! to the liquor cabinet!" he leaped from the couch where he was sitting next to eddie, following bill. the whole movie they were snuggled up next to each other, holding hands under the blankets. eddie would cower behind richie's shoulder too, once he grabbed eddie's hands from his eyes. richie called him an idiot for thinking a cannibal was scary, when clearly killer clowns were the scariest thing ever.

bill and richie returned with four bottles of liquor. "jeez, big bill, i thought you said they don't drink." bev said, her eyes widening at the sight.

"t-t-they don't, which i-is why there's s-so much." bill explained.

"pick your poison, ladies and gents. we have vodka, gin, and tequila. and if we're feeling really wild, whiskey." richie said in his best announcer voice, spreading his arms out at the 'fantastic' assortment of alcohol.

stan stuck his nose up. "what is the least intoxicating out of these?"

bill just chuckled, going to the kitchen. "w-we don't actually have s-shot glasses, so..." he held up small glasses that probably his little brother used when he was younger. everyone started laughing, amused at bill's attempt. "you guys h-h-have to help with dishes in the morning, though." so, they all started out with the vodka. seven tiny glasses were lined up, and richie poured out the alcohol until they were filled nearly to the rim.

"cheers, losers." bev said. they downed the liquor, burning all of their throats.

eddie started coughing, "what the fuck is that?" he started laughing, pouring another shot. "how long does it take to get drunk? am i drunk?" he downed another, everyone's eyes on him.

"that's probably all it's gonna take, lightweight." richie teased,

nudging him with his elbow.

“what's that supposed to mean?” eddie said, pouting.

“the amount of time you get drunk depends on your weight. me, you, and bill will probably get drunk first. ben and mike will get drunk last. so, take it easy.” stan explained.

bev gasped suddenly. “let's play never have i ever! every time you put a finger down, you take a shot. first one who out has to do a dare, winners decide what.”

“hell yes, bevvie!” richie said, smiling. “i think i love you.”

bev rolled her eyes. the seven losers sat on the carpet in a huge circle, in front of bill's tv. “who wants to go first?” she asked.

richie had the stupidest grin on his face. “i will!” everyone groaned. “never have i ever...” he put his finger on his chin, pretending to be deep in thought. “found my soulmate!” obviously, everyone put their thumb down. except eddie.

“technically, i haven't *found* him. he definitely exists, but i don't know who he is.” eddie said, a smug look on his face.

“fair enough. everyone else, drink up.” richie said. and they did, wincing.

“can this go with something like soda? or do we have to keep drinking this terrible shit?” mike complained.

“suck it up! my turn!” then beverly looked right at eddie. “never have i ever not been kissed,” when eddie didn't put his thumb down, bev nearly had an aneurysm. “what?! you had your first kiss?!”

“my turn!” eddie yelled, changing the subject. “never have i ever been in a school play.” beverly and bill both rolled their eyes, taking another shot.

bickering ensued between bev and eddie. bev called eddie a child for not telling her about his first kiss. eddie went to defend himself but then, breaking the argument, stan said, “never have i ever kissed

richie tozier." a menacing look formed in his eye. everyone's head instantaneously whipped around to look at richie and eddie, shocked. their cheeks went hot, and eddie slowly put down his thumb.

"stan the man," richie started. "you're the devil." eddie hastily downed another shot. bill and stan were giggling profusely, clapping as they did so.

"so wait, is richie actually your soulmate?" ben asked curiously.

"actually'? eddie spaghetti, did you think i was your soulmate?" richie started giggling too. "aw, that's so cute!"

"don't call me that! it made sense." eddie grumbled, feeing embarrassed.

"it's cuteeeeee," richie said, drawing out the word.

the game went on for another ten minutes or so, and surprisingly, stan lost. richie and bill kind of targeted him in the end, but it was still really funny.

"oh my god, i'm so drunk," stan said, bursting out laughing.

"yeah, we know, stan," ben said. "i'm getting some water to sober you the hell up." they were all tipsy, but stan, bill, and eddie were really the only ones who were drunk. stan was *really* drunk. six shots of vodka will definitely do that to you.

"psst, richard," eddie started laughing. "why don't you go by dick?"

"edward," richie said. "shut up."

eddie poked his cheek. "you have..." poke. "so many freckles." poke.

richie grabbed his finger. "yes, so do you." richie poked eddie's nose, where most of his freckles were. richie could not believe how cute eddie was when he was drunk.

"they're really cute," eddie said, gasping. "you're really cute." he snatched his glasses off of his face, putting them on his own. "holy shit, you're blind as fuck."

“no shit, sherlock,” richie took them right back, only this time placing them upside down on his face. “i don’t wear them for looks, y’know.” eddie laughed so hard, he fell off of the couch.

“billy,” stan whispered.

“yes, stanny?”

“don’t make me do a terrible dare or i’m breaking up with you,” stan slurred out. they both just started laughing again.

in the kitchen, bev made ben dance with her to no music. she was just humming some made up song, dipping ben dramatically, and pecking him on the lips. despite being alone, ben’s cheeks turned bright red. it looked like he had a terrible sunburn. they returned with bottles of water, and she put a finger to her lips. she walked on her tiptoes over to where stan and bill were sitting, giggling and tickling each other. bev and ben stifled laughter as she dumped a bottle of water on them. stan screamed.

an hour or so later, stan was sobered up enough to do the dare. everyone agreed on having him streak around bill’s neighborhood. “you’re kidding, right? streaking? as in run around naked?” they all nodded vigorously, grins plastered on their flushed faces. “no!”

“oh, come on, stanny! you have to reap what you sow!” richie said.

“i only lost because you said stuff like ‘never have i ever had a bar mitzvah’ and ‘never have i ever read a torah!’” stan defended.

“well, maybe don’t pick on my dear old eds next time, and i’ll go easy on ya!” richie pinched eddie’s cheeks, earning well deserved slaps from him.

stan scoffed, then shook his head. “oh, god, fine,” he turned to bill. “for the record, this counts as a terrible dare.” bill laughed, but stopped when he saw stan’s stern look. oh boy. but sure enough, stan stripped and ran down the street. richie and bev whistled at him, eddie and mike whooped. ben covered his eyes, respecting stan’s privacy. he returned, covering his bottom half with his hands, an

unamused look painted on his face. “i need another shot.” was all he said before going back inside. the rest of the night was filled with laughter, curled up under blankets and wishing it was summer again. eddie and richie slept together on the floor, snuggled into each other's chests. richie's hair smelled of his shampoo, and of course the familiar scent of nicotine and alcohol. it was just as intoxicating, if not more, as the vodka he had consumed that night.

Notes for the Chapter:

i wouldn't recommend getting drunk @ the age of 15, but this was also in 1991
~drink responsibly kiddos~
this got HELLA cheesy im so sorry

6. six

it was october 30th, 1991.

the next month had went by painfully slow for the losers club. the cold autumn air whipped at eddie's small body, almost strong enough to pick him up and send him flying away. he was walking home from school, arms crossed trying to keep warm. he had an oversized sweatshirt that belonged to richie draped over his torso. it was way too big for him, the sleeves going way past his fingertips and nearly going to his knees. the sounds of dead leaves scraping against the road rang in his ears. this was his favorite time of year; there was something symbolic of the trees shedding their leaves as the weather got colder and colder. it made eddie want to become a new and better person every year. during christmas time, he spent way too long making new year's resolution lists, only to accomplish one or two goals out of the extensive list. he told richie this, and he just laughed, telling eddie he overthought everything and he should consider becoming a philosopher. eddie couldn't help but wonder why richie was so pessimistic about everything, he gave off almost a cold demeanor because of it. but his light hearted, giddy personality covers that up, even though richie has all but vanquished this persona when he and eddie are alone. only eddie knows of the terrors that haunt richie at his home, the shit he puts up with every single day with his alcoholic mother. and richie knows the same about eddie. eddie's mom isn't half as bad as richie's, but when she is, richie is there with open arms to let eddie cry it out. ever since that night that they first kissed way back in september, a looming feel of lust remained in their hearts. that was the only time they kissed, both too scared to make a move on the other.

eddie didn't know how he felt about richie, he just knew he felt something. something new, a foreign emotion he hasn't discovered yet. he wanted to kiss richie's chapped, pink lips, even though he hated how his breath always reeked of nicotine no matter how many pieces of gum he chewed. he wanted to hold his rough calloused hands, hug richie so tightly he would suffocate himself once he engulfed his scent. he didn't know what he wanted. but he knew he wanted richie.

but richie? richie was falling hard for eddie kaspbrak. every time he saw the crescent mark in his hand, the way it sometimes looked like it was glittering in the sun when he angled it just right, or when eddie would laugh so hard he would snort, and especially when he gets embarrassed; that's when richie realizes just how bad he has it. so he has to do something, anything about it.

richie haphazardly climbed the fire escape that he knew led to bev's window. the two became fast friends with their weird sense of humor and, of course, the fact that they both smoked. so, bev wasn't surprised when richie tapped on her window at 8pm. she just thought he wanted to bum a smoke off of her and shoot the shit. "hey, rich, what's up?" she went to rummage through her things where she kept her cigs and her lighter, until she saw the look on richie's face. his cheeks were flushed and his eyes had a tint to them that held an emotion bev didn't recognize. his eyes were huge, magnified by his obnoxious glasses. "what's wrong?" she furrowed her eyebrows in confusion.

"would i be a terrible person if i've kept a secret for way longer than i should?" richie asked, sitting on bev's bed.

the girl thought for a second, before answering, "depends what the secret is. if it's someone else's, it's not your place to tell it. unless they're in danger. but if you're keeping something that's important..." she trailed off, richie getting the point.

"but i'm scared, bev." richie whispered. that was what foreign thing was lingering in richie's eyes. fear.

she put her hands on his knees. "what is it? you can tell me anything, richie."

so he told her everything, from his mom and dad, to kissing eddie, to how almost every night he sneaks in through his window to sleep with him. and finally, he took off his glasses, pushed his hair back, and turned his head so bev could see the golden crescent moon. "i'm eddie's soulmate."

“holy shit,” was all bev said, taking in all the new information at once. “are you gonna tell him?”

“won't he hate me since i've kept this a secret for so long? i would. i've just sat by and listened to him ramble on about how upset he is that he still hasn't found his soulmate. i've been a shitty friend and i'll be an even worse boyfriend. not to mention he'll reject me anyways, or he'll realize—”

“richie. shut up. stop thinking and just do. okay?” bev grinned as richie came out he went, struggling his lanky body through her window, but not before hugging bev tightly.

“thank you,” he said, into her shoulder.

-

halloween passed, with the losers club going as the justice league. bill was superman, eddie was green lantern, beverly was wonder woman, ben was aquaman, stan was batman, mike was cyborg, richie was the flash, and sam went as hawkgirl. georgie even tagged along as robin, and bill nearly died at the sight of his little brother and boyfriend running around with their capes flying behind them. they got so much candy, their pillowcases were heavier than them by the end of the night. they went back to bill's house and they ate half of it in one sitting. they had to stay home from school the next day because they were all sick.

the first two weeks of november richie and bev spent meticulously planning how richie was going to tell eddie. plans like waiting until christmas and wrapping richie up as a chirstmas present and dumping rose petals on eddie's bed and laying there naked with a sign covering his junk saying 'i'm your soulmate' were scrapped as soon as the words left his mouth. so richie's plan was made, and during thanksgiving break he was going to tell eddie he loved him.

7. seven

Notes for the Chapter:

i know don't yell at me i said this would be posted 50 years ago
but its over 3,000 words so :D
also there's a part of dialogue in this that is 100% lyrics from XO by eden

it was november 28th, 1991.

richie and bev spent thanksgiving day together, as their parents wanted nothing to do with the holiday. he usually spent the day sulking alone in his room, feeling sorry for himself that his parents were trash. bev typically did the same exact thing, with a lot more crying. but now they could actually have a perfect thanksgiving. their dysfunctional families made their friendship strong; it was a safe haven for the pair of teenagers. they hung out at richie's house, as his mom was on a drinking binge with some of her scumbag buddies. they smoked inside, not caring about stinking up the place or catching anything on fire. and they worked on richie's plan, bickering at each other when richie thought of something stupid. it took them a good two hours to get everything perfect, and when they got bored they walked to the park, despite it being freezing outside. there was a light flurry occurring, the white flakes landing in richie's hair contrasting his dark locks. it made bev giggle because it made him look like he had a horrible case of dandruff. eddie would have thought he looked beautiful.

eddie spent the whole day cooped up inside eating his mother's terrible thanksgiving meal. the turkey was overcooked, the mashed potatoes were too runny, and he hated squash but she made him eat it anyway. they ate in mostly silence. ever since the day she saw richie tozier in their house something changed between them, eddie still couldn't figure out what her problem was. when he was laying in bed that night, he heard the familiar sound of pebbles hitting his window. bev and richie were outside, waving happily at the sight of eddie. richie hadn't been spending the night since it started snowing. turns out it was really hard climbing up a house that had icicles

frozen on the side of it.

bill and stan spent thanksgiving together with their conjoined families. stan's parents were surprisingly really cool with him being gay. it was so refreshing to find out his dad accepted him. he knew that so many jewish kids struggle with their sexuality, and that not all families are as accepting as his. stan uris was incredibly lucky. bill's parents were the same way; they loved him no more and no less when he came out. since they're soulmates, both of their parents always insisted on spending every single holiday together. hanukkah and christmas time were hectic as hell.

mike and sam's family finally met today. it was painfully awkward. mike's grandfather and sam's dad didn't really get along, though her grandma was a fantastic cook. other than that, sam's father was really impressed that mike was the quarterback and he keeps up his grades very well. the whole time, mike was painfully nervous and his red sweaty face was a clear indicator that he was. so, sam's dad of course made that night extra hard for him, giving him shit whenever an opportunity was open. mike thought the night would never end.

ben went back to new york to visit his grandma, who had alzheimer's. it was hard to see her like that. he caught his mom crying to his dad, saying how she didn't know if her mother was going to make it another year, or if she had the alzheimer's gene. it was terrifying to hear his mom say this, see the woman he looked up to and admire crumble in front of him.

-

richie barely slept that night, the butterflies in his stomach were restless. he and bev did come up with some elaborate romantic gesture to woo eddie, but it wasn't anything too crazy. they really just planned out what he was going to say. ben even insisted on writing a poem for him, but richie refused. he had to do this on his own.

so that morning, running on three hours of sleep, he lazily shoved cereal down his throat and went to grab his backpack. it was stuffed with the essentials: some snacks in case they got hungry, extra smokes in case richie got stressed, and he even had a spare inhaler if eddie freaked out at some point. he slung the bag onto his shoulders,

glancing at his mother as he left the house. his mom was passed out on the couch, empty bottle of whiskey in hand. richie just rolled his eyes in disgust. it was ten o'clock, and he had told eddie he would pick him up for their day to hang out at noon. he had to make a few pit stops beforehand. his part time job at the aladdin has payed off; he's made a few extra bucks that he's been saving for this occasion. also for cigarettes, bev was getting really annoyed he kept stealing hers.

his first stop was the florist. originally, he was going to buy eight six roses for every day he's known eddie, but that seemed like he was coming on a bit strong for two buds just hanging out. so, he stuck with one dark red carnation. roses were far too cheesy anyways. he carefully unzipped his bag and put it in a safe place. he and bev tested it out with a flower they stole from mrs. ripsom's backyard, it didn't get damaged too bad. it was the thought that counts anyways.

his next stop was bill's house. he had to borrow his walkman, as richie didn't have one. he knew eddie did, but that would just spoil the surprise. he rapped on his door a few times, waiting in the cold until georgie opened the door. "hi, richie!" the nine year old exclaimed.

"hi, buddy! is bill here?" richie couldn't help but grin whenever he saw georgie. he was just so full of energy and life, it made him envious of when he was his age.

"bill!" georgie screamed, running off to the stairs. richie took the opportunity to walk in and close the door, the warm air of the denbrough's house enveloping him.

bill sleepily walked down the stairs, his hair a mess and still wearing pajamas. "morning, sleepyhead. can i borrow your walkman?" richie asked, smirking. "rough night?"

bill flashed a sarcastic smile. "w-why?"

"i'm planning something big for eddie. got a surprise for him. need your walkman. please." richie was already getting impatient.

bill just shook his head and turned back up the stairs. richie shrugged

and followed him. “uh, w-wait here.” bill said when they arrived near his room. richie frowned, but obliged anyways. he peeked in through the slit through bill's door, and saw a shirtless stan still sleeping, lips parting and snoring loudly.

“did things get a little saucy last night? damn, bill. you kinky bastard.” bill's face flushed a deep red colored and he opened his mouth to protest.

“n-nothing happened. shut up, r-r-richie.” he handed the walkman to him, and couldn't get back in his bedroom fast enough. richie just laughed loudly, the image of bill's shocked face imprinted in his brain and left the house.

his next stop was the aladdin. eddie had been bugging the group about seeing the new beauty and the beast movie nonstop, but the others argued that they were too old. richie simply said that you're never too old for cartoons, but in the end six votes won over two, so they saw the addams family instead. he bought two tickets for the 12:30 showing. he looked at his watch that was on his right wrist. it was only 10:30, he should have plenty of time.

richie did not have plenty of time. he was ten minutes late when he showed up at eddie's house, panting from sprinting down his street. before knocking on his door, he set his hands on his knees doubling over to try and catch his breath. eddie beat him to it though, he swung the door opened and presented himself. he was wearing a winter coat and gloves, and a stupid looking beanie with a pom on the top of it. “hiya, eds.” richie said, still panting.

“you're late,” was all eddie said, smiling at the sight of his friend nearly dying. “what are we doing? it's freezing.”

richie was only wearing a heavy sweatshirt, his ears were all red and his hands were shoved in his pockets to try and keep warm. “really? i'm dying here and that's all you have to say?”

“serves you right for keeping a lady waiting.” eddie said, grinning.

richie laughed. "come on, m'lady," he linked elbows with eddie as they started walking towards downtown. "we have a date with a certain beauty and a beast."

eddie gasped. "you didn't!" his grin somehow got wider, a small dimple forming on his chin.

richie reached into his back pocket and pulled out the now somewhat crinkled movie tickets. "the other losers are lame for not wanting to see this award winning movie. idiots." richie couldn't help but smile, too.

-

throughout the whole movie the pair held hands, a pink shade staying on eddie's cheeks. they loved the movie, totally worth seeing it without the others. they were walking out of the theater when richie gracefully pulled out a folded piece of paper, dramatically handing it to eddie. eddie just looked at it, a confused look on his face. "what's this?" he unfolded it and his brow furrowed as he read it. "mr. eduardo spaghetti, i present to you a thanksgiving miracle. my poetry isn't very lyrical, but i hope you think it isn't satirical. come with me to an adventure to find out your destiny. your next clue lies on the human form of ecstasy." eddie's puzzled look remained on his face, and richie could not believe everything was going terribly wrong this early. he fumbled with his pockets and pulled out his pack of parliaments and lighter. richie sucked on the cancer stick, hoping some relief could come from this abomination. but, eddie's face just turned into a giant smile. "i take it you have my next clue?"

richie started coughing. he was surprised eddie wanted to continue the treasure hunt, he thought for sure he was going to run in the opposite direction. "i mean, yeah. i'm pretty hot." he said, a fake smug smile forming on his lips. his cool facade was cracking before him, panic and nervousness clearly coming out. he handed eddie the next clue, taking another drag of his cigarette.

eddie just rolled his eyes, eagerly unfolding the paper. "this place is hell, henry bowers really smells." he chuckled, looking at richie. "really?"

richie just laughed. “i'm not wrong.”

“is it at the school?” eddie asked.

“i can't say, eds. that goes against all the rules.” richie said, putting his hands up in protest.

“i don't wanna walk all the way there if it's not there, you shithead.” eddie retaliated.

richie bit his lip in thought. “fine. yes, it's at the school,” he said in defeat. “it's not even that far away.” it really wasn't, but it was still freezing outside and eddie wanted to waste no time.

they arrived at the school not even five minutes later. it was weird being here on a holiday, it was eerily quiet. “do i get a hint where it is? is it in the school? do we have to commit a crime to find the clue?”

“no, eddie. it's not in the school,” richie replied. “no more hints, you cheater.” eddie paused for a moment, and almost as if he was in a cartoon richie could see the lightbulb pop up above his head. he walked over to the bike rack, and sure enough, taped to the metal pole was a piece of paper.

he pulled it off of the rack carefully, making sure not to rip the paper. “a certain red head—” eddie didn't even finish reading the riddle because he knew it was bev.

“oh, come on!” richie yelled. he knew that was too obvious. bev lived pretty close to the school, so they got there within a few minutes. eddie climbed the fire escape in record time, cautiously pulling himself up the ladders and steps. richie waited for him at the bottom, looking around him as he did so. he took the time to smoke again. black friday shoppers were scattered around him, already buying stuff for the approaching holiday for their kids. eddie returned a minute later, another note in hand.

“to your house!” eddie said. he started walking away.

“wh—you didn't even read the riddle!” richie said, putting out his cigarette and catching up.

“yeah, bev just told me where it was. said it was too important to deal with silly clues.” eddie said simply, shrugging as he did so.

“wow. i'm offended.”

they walked into richie's house, his mom's volkswagen was gone so he knew the coast was clear. “so the question is, my dear eddie spaghetti, where is the clue in richie's house?”

eddie froze. “well, shit.”

richie just laughed. “this is why we read the riddles.” giving up, richie walked upstairs and lead eddie to his bedroom. he gestured to the walkman on his desk, a ribbon wrapped around it.

“richie, did you get me a fucking walkman? are you an idiot?” eddie asked.

“hell no! that's bill's.” richie said, crossing his arms and sitting on his bed.

“oh, good,” eddie sat down at richie's desk. he opened the walkman, a cassette tape was inside. on the cassette was another note. he picked up the cassette, inspecting it and saw the same messy handwriting that was on the clues. “did you make me a mixtape?” he asked, so soft richie barely heard him.

“yeah,” richie said casually. “they're all songs that remind me of you.”

eddie felt his heart melt. he saw that lovesong by the cure was written on the back, and he felt his throat close up. “richie,” eddie started.

“no. not yet. one last clue.” richie said, standing up and already leaving his room. eddie fumbled with the piece of paper and the clue said, 'the place where our lips first met despite smelling like a filthy cigarette.' he chuckled and sighed, knowing exactly where they were going. by the time eddie got the courage to follow him, he could see richie standing outside smoking.

the two walked in silence the whole way. they had talked around their feelings for over two months, flirting effortlessly and stealing glances whenever they could get the chance. they both knew they wanted something, they were just scared to do anything about it. especially richie.

they reached the swingsets, and eddie saw a carnation sitting on top of the rubber seat, lazily taped to it so it wouldn't fall off. how it wasn't gone was a miracle. he picked up the flower and unwrapped the final clue. 'your destiny is behind my right ear.' eddie slowly walked over to richie, removing his glasses so he could see what was hidden behind his ear. eddie already knew, but he had to see it for himself. sure enough, a brown crescent moon was staring back at him. eddie handed him his glasses, and sat on the same swing he did almost three months ago. he traced his mark, staring at his feet deep in thought. his mind was screaming at him, he had so many questions. so many thoughts were jumbling in his brain it felt like jell-o.

“eddie—” richie started.

“why? why now? why three months later?” eddie asked. his voice was soft but his words felt like a ton of bricks.

“i was scared,” richie croaked out. “i didn't want...” he trailed off, not wanting to finish his sentence. he just trudged over to the other swing.

“what, richie?” eddie snapped.

“i just knew it was bullshit, everything. the marks mean jackshit. they're just marks.” richie said.

eddie felt like he was just stabbed in the heart. “was everything bullshit? what we had? our friendship or our... whatever this is?”

“no, eddie,” richie said, tears prickling his eyes. “what's bullshit is that i'm in love with you, but you're in love with the concept of the marks. i can't be what you imagined i would be. i'm not the perfect soulmate you've dreamed of your whole life who sweeps you off of your feet. i'm just piece of shit richie tozier.”

eddie was crying now, too. “so, what? are we in love and i just don't it yet? i'm sorry, richie. i don't know what you want from me.”

“i'm sorry i don't believe in the magic like you do. i just waited this long because i wanted you to get to know me as me, the trashmouth, the loser, the kid who smokes too much, the kid who has shitty parents. i want you to love *him*.” they stared at each other, the tears flowing silently down each of their cheeks. richie had never seen eddie look so broken.

“i do,” eddie whispered. “it's just the fact that you lied to me about this for so long, you let me rant about the fact i didn't know who he was. all those times i talked to you about it, you sat there and made me look like a fool. please, richie. i want this. i want you.”

richie breathed in shakily. he stood up and kissed eddie, leaning down to do so. he kissed him like it was the last thing on earth he could do before he died. eddie wrapped his hands around his neck, breathing in his scent. he never wanted richie to stop. but, richie broke the kiss, and whispered back, “no, you don't.” and then he walked away, leaving eddie to cry alone on the swings.

that night, eddie fell asleep to richie's mixtape. he held it close to his chest, sobbing quietly, making sure not to wake up his mother.

Notes for the Chapter:

richie's full mixtape for eddie:
take my breath away - berlin
every breath you take - the police
lovesong - the cure
girls just want to have fun - cyndi lauper
you make my dreams - hall & oates
don't you want me - the human league
it's raining men - the weather girls
losing my religion - r.e.m.
come on eileen - dexys midnight runners

had to include those asthma puns ofc

chapter 8 soon !

8. eight

it was december 20th, 1991.

three weeks to the day have passed since eddie and richie last spoke. they saw each other in class and in the halls, but all they gave each other was cold and longing glances. it was becoming devastatingly awkward for the other losers, as they can't do things together anymore. bev had filled in the rest of the group the gist of what happened between the two, but even when richie poured his heart out to her, crying out of anger and regret, she still couldn't fully understand. things were just... distant. the losers were too afraid to say anything to either boy. not out of fear—just out of what would happen. one of them might say something wrong, or things might just end terribly. it was a losing battle that they were all fighting.

richie was dying inside. he fucked up, and every day that passed he didn't make himself forget it. he didn't hate eddie. in the end, he was just scared. scared to love and to be in love. scared that he wasn't worth being loved or cared for. he knew why he always felt this way. it lead back to his parents and how they mistreated him. they cut into him deep, changing him in ways that can never be fixed. though this wasn't a new wound, it reopened when he told eddie everything and now he's bleeding out.

eddie didn't know what he felt. just overall empty. he looked like the epitome of sadness. he wore baggy clothes every day, eyes drooped, and walkman in hand. he hasn't stopped listening to richie's mixtape since he gave it to him, even though he was starting to get sick of the songs. he thought the tape would get worn out from playing it too much. he hadn't slept much either, a constant state of 'what if playing in his head. what could he have said differently? what could he have done? eddie was just confused. and it was starting to get the best of him.

luckily, the losers had invited eddie for a sleepover at bill's. hopefully this could get a certain black curly headed boy off of his mind. the only thing eddie didn't know was that they invited richie, too.

bill had told eddie to come to his house at five o'clock, and he told richie to come at five also, but he knew he would be late as usual. bev told him he was an idiot because what if this time he decided to come on time, and he saw eddie and wouldn't come inside. bill just rolled his eyes, because he knew richie. richie was never on time.

and sure enough, eddie's mom pulled up at five sharp, whereas richie was nowhere to be seen. bill answered the door and gave a *told you so* look to bev, his lips curling into a small smile. for about ten minutes, the seven teens talked about what they were doing for the upcoming holiday, until a knock rapped on the door. "i'll get it!" bill said, hopping up and going to the door. he swung the door open, and richie strode in, huge smile on his face until he saw eddie.

he swallowed roughly, stopping in his tracks. his eyes landed on bill, and bill just stared right back. bev spoke first. "you guys need to talk. it's making everyone uncomfortable. we're constantly walking on eggshells around you two. fix this." with that, she walked away, climbing the stairs with the rest of the losers trailing behind her.

richie sighed and plopped down on the loveseat to the right of eddie, not knowing if he should sit to him or not. his mouth was sewn shut, not having anything to say for once. eddie just stared blankly at his hands, idly tracing his mark. after a few moments, eddie decided to speak first. "richie, i'm so sorry."

richie turned his head to look at him, and seeing how hurt eddie looked broke his heart in two. "you shouldn't be the one apologizing," he paused to choose his words carefully. "i was such an asshole."

"yeah, you were," eddie smiled softly, fiddling at the strings of his sweatpants. "but so was i. i shouldn't have reacted like that, i was just confused. still am."

"i know. i owed more of an explanation than just walking away," richie explained. "i just have a hard time opening up to people. emotions are pretty messy territory for me."

eddie nodded. "you can tell me anything, richie." his voice was soft and understanding.

“i'm honestly just scared. every relationship i've been around has crashed and burned. not even just romantic ones; i've never had a friendship that worked out well. now that i've found you and the others i'm just afraid this will end up like everything else,” richie's breath hitched as he finished his sentence. he paused before speaking again, attempting to collect himself. “and i know i'm not the perfect dream of a soulmate you had all your life, but—”

eddie cut him off with a chaste kiss, leaning down to do so. “you are more than just a dream, richie tozier,” he spoke. he was literally sitting on richie's lap, but he didn't care. “sure, i dreamed about a johnny depp looking guy being my soulmate, but you? you're everything to me. and you don't have to believe in the marks. you can believe in us and in our relationship. we'll prove all those fuckers wrong.”

richie was officially blushing, and maybe crying a little. “you didn't even let me finish my sentence, spaghetti man. and i thought i was the one who talked all the time.”

eddie chuckled. “what were you going to say?”

“i love you.” richie said, without missing a beat.

eddie's heart fluttered, a grin spreading wide on his face. “i love you, too.”

they kissed again, being interrupted by a loud wolf whistle coming from behind them. sure enough, the other six losers were standing on the stairs, clapping with huge smiles plastered on their faces. eddie and richie's cheeks flushed. “were you standing there the whole time?” richie asked.

“yep,” beverly said casually. “so, what movie are we watching tonight? how about edward scissorhands?” eddie's face somehow turned into a darker shade of red, earning laughs from all the losers.

that night was spent with each couple cuddled up together, watching every johnny depp film that bill owned. eddie thought he was going

to die of embarrassment. he was never going to live this down. at around midnight, every one started to fall asleep one by one. richie nudged eddie. “c'mon, eds.” eddie didn't even think twice where they were going, he just followed suit and got dressed. he was clad in a huge winter jacket, gloves, and hat, whereas richie was just wearing a light jacket and gloves.

“you're going to freeze to death, richie.” eddie said, once they were outside.

“i can count on you to warm me up, right?” richie said, infamous smirk painted on his lips.

eddie punched him in his arm, rolling his eyes. “where are we going this time, trashmouth?”

richie shrugged. “nowhere special. i know it's cold, so probably just around the block,” eddie nodded. “i just love how peaceful it is out here in the winter. it's beautiful.”

“you're beautiful.” eddie said, with a shit eating grin on his face.

“oh my god.” a blush formed on richie's cheeks anyway, despite that being one of the cheesiest things he's ever heard. he grabbed eddie's hand and swung it back and forth, giggling as he did so.

“but in all seriousness, look at this! it's midnight and the sky is orange. it's perfectly silent and all you can hear is the snow falling. not to be dramatic but it's so amazing to see how all of derry is asleep at night. wow.” eddie was staring at richie's face as he ranted about the world around them. his left arm was flailing around, gesturing to the snow and sky. as he did so, his thick glasses nearly fell off his face, so he used both their hands to push them up. his hair was messy, and his freckles were so prominent eddie wanted to sit down and kiss all of them.

“yeah. wow.”

richie smacked him on his arm playfully. “gee, eds, you should become a poet with all those words you have to say.”

“that's ben's job, i can't steal that from him.” eddie replied.

“because we all know you would blow him out of the water.” they trudged in the snow in complete silence for the rest of the walk, shoulders bumping into each other every now and then, gloved hands still intertwined.

“you know who the luckiest person in derry is?” eddie said once they reached bill's house again.

richie put his finger on his chin, as if he was in deep thought. “sonia kaspbrak. because of how well she gets treated by me, my tongue, and my—”

“jesus fucking christ,” eddie muttered as he went to go back inside.

“oh, come on, eds!” richie said, trying to stifle his laughter. “i already know that i'm the luckiest person in derry!”

eddie spun around on his heel, an amused look on his face. “is that so?”

“fuck you, eddie kaspbrak.”

“you love me.” he put his hands on richie's cheeks, leaning in ever so slightly.

“i, richard tozier, love you, edward kaspbrak. i breathed you in, and now i'm suffocating.” he closed his eyes, expecting a kiss, but was only left with the sound of a door closing. he nearly sprinted inside, yelling, “oh, you fucking tease! i take it back, i love your mom more.” unfortunately, this woke literally everybody up, and richie had six pillows thrown at him.

richie and eddie fell asleep an hour later, legs tangled together as they tried to fit on the loveseat. with richie's long body it was nearly impossible, but somehow they fit like two puzzle pieces. eddie's face was buried in the crook of his shoulder, breath tickling the hairs on his neck. his arm draped over his chest, and richie was lightly drawing intricate drawings on his pale eddie's pale skin. he knew that whatever he was drawing, it was beautiful. not because of the drawing itself, but because of the canvas it was drawn on. the

beautiful pale, freckled skin that belonged to eddie. richie had never felt more loved and safe than in that moment. the last thought he had before falling into deep sleep was that maybe the belief that had been hardwired into his brain all his life was wrong. maybe the legend of soulmates was true, because he truly felt that eddie was his one and only.

Notes for the Chapter:

sorry this was kinda short
this is coming to an end soon tho bbys :(

9. nine

Notes for the Chapter:

this is the last chapter. epilogue will be up tomorrow.

thank you all so much for everything. <3

it was june 25th, 1994.

nearly three years have passed since the losers club had first met richie. last night they graduated high school, the worst four years of their lives were finally over. they were free from the horrible clutches of bullies that remained even after the bowers' gang left.

they didn't even call themselves the losers club anymore. it brings such a weird sense of nostalgia that fills them whenever the nickname is brought up. it reminds them all of an easier and better time in their lives when everything wasn't so difficult. they stopped hanging out every single day after school, too caught up with studying for tests or perfecting their applications for college. they stopped going to the barrens and to the aladdin every friday to watch a new movie. they tried as hard as they could to still be the best friends they were when they were twelve; inseperable and always attached to each other by the hip. but they couldn't.

deep down richie new that it was inevitable. he always figured that they would drift apart sooner or later. he just didn't know it would be that fast. he learned to love himself a lot more these past years that he spent with eddie and his best friends. he even got the courage to try out for basketball, and due to his long legs and height advantage he got on the team. he didn't care as much about what other people thought, either, and neither did eddie.

eddie barely talked to his mom anymore. he lived in richie's house now, and they knew damn well that richie's mom didn't give a rat's ass. she wasn't there half the time anyway. but eddie's mom did. a lot. she threw a fit every single time she saw richie, yelling and screaming vulgar things about her son being a *fag* and how disappointed she was in him. her words didn't affect him in anyway.

he only went there every now and then to get extra clothes, not saying a word to his mother. the second he turned eighteen he packed his bags and went to richie's, and she was powerless to do anything about it. that was the second happiest day of his life.

so there they were, sleeping soundly together in richie's bed, legs tangled and curly hair mussed. richie still worked at the aladdin and finally got enough money to buy a queen sized bed opposed to his twin he's had since he was ten. his feet no longer hang off the edge. eddie had been awake for a while now, just laying on richie's chest listening to his heartbeat. richie was snoring softly and his lips were parted, chapped and plump as usual. his fingers were lingering by his collarbones, trying not to move at all in case he accidentally woke richie up. he had decided to let him sleep, he deserved it. he was so proud of him for graduating. richie had untreated adhd, so school was even harder for him. that ontop of his shitshow with his mom was a lot for richie to handle. last year eddie took him to a proper doctor to get medication for his condition, and now it was somewhat controlled. he was also going to trade his glasses in for contacts, but eddie insisted he kept the glasses. he didn't question why, he just shrugged to the optician and settled for a less bulky pair that didn't take up his whole freckled face.

richie stirred in his sleep, groaning slightly at the thought of waking up. he pulled eddie closer and eddie chuckled, causing his breath to tickle richie's neck, which he absolutely *hated*. he squirmed in discomfort, now wide awake. he rubbed his neck as he sat up, shivering in disgust. "i hate you." he grumbled out, voice rough from sleep.

"good morning to you, too." eddie quipped back, stretching his arms out.

"how long have you been up?" richie asked.

"a half an hour."

"what? weren't we supposed to meet the others at the quarry?"

"yeah, at one."

“it's noon.”

“so?”

richie just shifted his gaze towards eddie, giving him a look. “you look like a blurry blob right now but if i had my glasses on i would punch your cute face.”

eddie laughed, leaning back against richie's headboard. “what does having your glasses on have to do with anything?”

“well, i wouldn't want to miss and punch you in the throat by accident and kill you.”

eddie just narrowed his eyes. “that makes no sense at all.”

“eddie spaghetti, you are not the logical one. that is mr. stanley uris. shut up.” richie had a small smile on his face as he leaned back with eddie.

“oh, so i can't have a brain whenev—”

richie cut him off with a peck to his lips. “beep beep, eddie.” he got up quickly before eddie could start another petty argument and ran to the bathroom.

“that's my line!”

they got to the quarry an hour later. they drove instead of riding their bikes like when they were kids. richie parked his crappy car and they made the journey down the hill to where their friends were waiting for them. they were actually smart enough to bring towels for once, since trips to the quarry always ended up with jumping into the water. bev noticed them first, waving excitedly.

beverly had really grown up. much like eddie, she got the courage to stand up to her father. she had had enough and reported him to the police, and he was arrested. her aunt moved into derry and she's been living with her ever since. bev finally let her hair grow out to the length it used to be. today it was braided, loosely tied with a elastic

band. it most likely sam's doing. she even stopped smoking, and she's taken a huge interest into the fashion industry. every piece of clothing she wears is one that she designed; pieces of designer brands torn to shreds and resewn into better outfits. one night when they were all drunk ben had rambled on about how her sewing was symbolic of herself, how she turned into a whole new person much like a butterfly. it really touched bev, as she hugged him tightly and cried into his shoulder. miraculously, bev got accepted into the columbus college of art and design.

ben and bev were currently taking a break. they decided it was best since they were going to different colleges. he got accepted into the massachusetts institute of technology to major in architecture. it was a huge deal for ben, it was his dream school. ben lost most, if not all, of his weight. he was still very big though, his fat replaced with muscle. he stood tall at six foot, with huge broad shoulders that made eddie look like a flea. he was on the track team and won derry many championships, which gained him a decent amount of popularity. he was still as nerdy as ever though, his backpack always filled to the max with lengthy novels, comic books, and, of course, history books for him and mike to study about derry's weirdness.

mike was even more muscular than ben from working on the farm. his arms were the size of eddie's head and intimidated literally everyone. he was still on the football team and his terrific grades got him a full scholarship to the university of connecticut. sam was unfortunately going to new york university. mike was heartbroken as they were going to have to break up. long distance never worked. they were going to spend every single second of this summer together, even during his chores on the farm.

as for stan, bill, richie and eddie? they had no fucking clue what they were doing with their lives.

-
it was august 14th, 1994.

it was sunday and one of the hottest days of the year. the eight losers were hanging out for the last time until college started. technically, class didn't start until wednesday of next week, but all four of them

were going really far away from derry. they needed to get settled into their dorms and do orientation of campus. eddie was nervous enough for all of them, even though the four really weren't to begin with. it made eddie nervous just thinking about going to high school, but esteemed colleges miles away from home? the thought made him want to pass out. but beverly was ready to get out of judgemental tiny derry and start brand new where she wasn't known as the slutty girl with the creep of a father. ben didn't want to be known as the fat kid anymore, and sam and mike didn't want to be known as the athletic black kids. they were ready.

so, naturally, they were gonna get drunk.

bev provided the alcohol this time. being her rebellious self, she had a fake id and bought it at the liquor store despite the cashier recognizing her. she just shrugged and told him it was a going away party, which wasn't a lie. she bought peach schnapps and vodka. richie brought some orange juice as eddie refuses to drink straight vodka, and he hates schnapps. bill's parents were cool and let them drink. they were being idly supervised by his mom, but she trusted them enough to know they would be responsible, so she went to bed. georgie was twelve now, and he was told to stay in his room but came outside where the losers were roasting marshmallows.

“georgie, do you want a s'more?” bill asked, knowing exactly what his little brother wanted. his stutter was completely gone now with the constant help of stan and speech therapy.

“maybe...” georgie grinned.

bill rolled his eyes but smiled nonetheless. he stuffed the golden brown marshmallow inbetween the graham crackers, but not before putting a huge amount of the chocolate bar on the bottom cracker. georgie gasped in excitement. “if you get a sugar high off of this, no one tell mom.” he nodded quickly and ran back inside, and they could see his bedroom light flick on from outside.

“so, have you guys decided what you're doing?” bev asked, sipping her drink.

“what, about college?” eddie asked. he and richie were sharing one of

bill's crappy fold up chairs, eddie on his lap. bev nodded. "nope." eddie said simply.

ben scoffed. "you guys have to figure it out sooner or later."

richie mimicked ben's tone, earning a glare from bev. "me and eddie are going to go all around america. we're already at the top so..." he trailed off.

eddie furrowed his brows and looked at richie's side profile. he couldn't tell if he was kidding or not, as the fire was reflecting on his glasses. "i'm sorry, we're what?"

"yep. road trip to all forty nine states. we'll get to hawaii one day. i love their shirts after all." richie said casually, taking a shot of vodka and sighing.

eddie grinned. he loved the idea. he loved it a lot actually. he was giddy just thinking of spending all that time with the love of his life. he stopped smiling, though, as he quickly remembered he didn't know if richie was joking or not. "you're being serious, right?"

now richie locked eyes with him, and only said, "dead." eddie squealed and scrambled out of richie's lap, pouring a shot of vodka and downing it. it burned his throat and he didn't care, he was just so damn excited he need to celebrate. "jeez, eds, slow down." richie said, standing. eddie just smiled wider, and ran up to richie and picked the way heavier boy up in a hug and spun him around. "holy shit!" richie exclaimed out of surprise. "that's my job!" eddie put him down and just giggled.

"well, i'm jealous." bev muttered sarcastically.

"we'll send you a postcard!" richie said, before kissing eddie. it was wet, hot, and messy; three things that eddie hated. but between the alcohol and the adrenaline pumping in his veins, he didn't have time to care. he just melted into richie's touch, his hands cupping richie's flushed cheeks. prior to the kiss getting too heated, the losers started boozing and throwing shit at them. this only caused eddie to break the kiss to laugh, but smashed their lips together again.

“get a room!” stan yelled.

two hours later, everyone was properly drunk. they were dancing around to one of richie's many mixtapes. this particular one was filled with songs they all listened to when they were younger. bust a move was playing, richie unsurprisingly rapping every single lyric, spitting everywhere as he did so. the next song was africa by toto, and everyone gasped. this was *their* song, and they knew it. the amount of days that were spent listening to this song on the same boombox at the quarry was chill inducing. that same pang of nostalgia hit eddie, and he had to sit down. he was already tired out and it was only midnight. he pulled at the grass in bill's backyard just staring at his seven best friends in front of him. richie was pretending to air drum and screaming the lyrics, bev was using the half empty bottle of vodka as a microphone, ben, mike, and sam were all standing on the chairs dancing awkwardly, singing just as loud as bev and richie. and of course bill and stan were sucking face. eddie just sat there with the stupidest fucking grin on his face. he had never been as happy and content with his life than he was at this very second. the chorus hit again and richie pulled eddie up off of the grass, starting to yell the lyrics at eddie.

“IT'S GONNA TAKE A LOT TO DRAG ME AWAY FROM YOU!” he screamed at the top of his lungs, making eddie laugh loudly.

“THERE'S NOTHING THAT A HUNDRED MEN OR MORE COULD EVER DO!” eddie yelled back in between laughs.

“I BLESS THE RAINS DOWN IN AFRICA!” everyone else yelled. bill and stan rejoined the crowd. eddie assumed they felt guilty for not singing their song together. they all fell into a fit of laughter, still dancing.

eddie smiled fondly at richie as they were now slow dancing while everyone else were doing something that could be considered dancing. “i love you.” he slurred out, causing richie to grin right back. richie dipped eddie and kissed him again, but it wasn't a heated one. it was a soft, gentle kiss. it reminded eddie of their first one that they shared three years ago.

in that moment, richie finally started to truly believe in the marks. he knew that this is what true love is, right here, holding eddie in his arms.

he knew that he needed eddie more than he needed air. he couldn't imagine life without him, and if something were to ever happen to him he would be devastated and he would miss him more than anything in his life.

"i love you more than anything in my life." richie whispered as he swayed back and forth with eddie, tears forming in his eyes.

this is love.

Notes for the Chapter:

last paragraph is from 'something about us' by daft punk

10. epilogue

Notes for the Chapter:

[reddie playlist](#)

it is february 1st, 2017.

eddie is forty years old. every one is, with the exception of bill denbrough. big bill was turning forty one today, and the losers club decided to throw him a surprise birthday party. it was stan's idea. so they were all hiding in bill and stan's house, crowded underneath tables and shoved in closets. the kids were giggling, clearly fooling around with each other and couldn't shut the hell up. eddie and richie were in a closet where they kept all of their board games, pushed up against each other waiting patiently for bill to come home. richie of course made a joke about biphobia, which made stan push him in the closet harder. stan was sitting on the couch, legs crossed and pretending to read a book.

the sound of a key entering a lock and disengaging filled everyone's ears, and it got dead quiet again. "hey, babe," a muffled voice belonging to stan greeted. "how was work?"

that was the cue, and everyone jumped out of their hiding spots and screamed 'surprise!' bill was taken aback and let out a yelp. "jesus!" he exclaimed.

"happy birthday, billiam!" richie said, clapping bill on the back.

"happy birthday, you old fart." georgie said, a huge grin on his face as he hugged his older brother.

the rest of the evening was spent with a lot of yelling from children, a light headache forming in the stressed parents' heads. the losers club decided it was best to settle down together. they couldn't imagine their lives without each other; they spent so much of their lives inseparable it was ridiculous thinking otherwise. it was eddie's idea

to move to portland, as derry ruined such a big portion of their childhood. they didn't want their kids to grow up in that hellhole.

bill and stan ended up coming on richie and eddie's grand road trip across america. it took them a whole year to get to all forty nine states. when they went to nevada, they had a little too much to drink. richie and eddie had a shotgun wedding in vegas. neither of them really wanted a fancy wedding, so it was perfect. bill was richie's best man, and stan was eddie's maid of honor. a few years later, for their honeymoon they finally went to hawaii, completing the road trip. they adopted two kids, a boy and a girl, named naomi and alex. they're twins and thirteen years old. richie works at a record label and records albums for underground artists that are probably going nowhere. he loves it and makes good money, though. eddie became a doctor. it was crazy hard going through med school, and he's still paying off student loans, but it's been his dream job for as long as he can remember.

bill and stan definitely wanted a fancy wedding. stan spent nearly two years planning the whole thing, meticulously perfecting every single detail. it also took a very long time to order thirty doves to be released when they kissed at the end of the ceremony. eddie was pretty sure he got his first grey hair hearing stan rant and rave about their wedding. they adopted one boy named malachai. he's seven and the biggest handful ever, but they love him to death. bill achieved his lifelong dream and became a successful horror novel author. it was really hard to go through the process of getting his work rejected over and over again, but stan pushed him to never give up. stan of course became an accountant. it was always his plan, despite never really having an interest for it. the voice in the back of his head always nagged at him for settling for a job he hated.

ben and beverly both decided that they were far too adventurous to tie each other down immediately. bev had to travel a lot with her fashion line being so popular, going to fashion shows and such, and ben had to design buildings all around the world too. with their busy schedules, they also knew they weren't going to have kids. besides, they had five nephews and one niece to help look after. when the time is right, they're going to finally get married. there's an ongoing bet about when exactly that is, and stan and mike are the only ones

left in the race.

mike and sam got married immediately after they finished college. sam became a psychologist and got enough money to buy her own office. she's doing incredibly well, and mike couldn't be more proud. his dream of becoming a professional football player was short lived. he did play football all four years of college, but he knew in his heart he wanted something else. mike is now a historian; he writes articles for magazines, speculates and corrects hypotheses, among other things. they have two kids, two boys and a baby girl on the way. the boys are nine and five, named william and leroy after his late father and grandfather. they're naming the baby girl jessica after his mother.

even georgie found his soulmate at the ripe age of ten. every single chance he could get he rubbed it in bill's face, even twenty five years later. georgie always hated that bill never stopped calling him that. it was such an old nickname that was given to him at such a young age. it made him feel annoyed and small; like he was the same little boy who was afraid to go into the cellar to get wax for the paper boats billy made for him. the truth is that bill just can't imagine georgie any other way. his wife's name is emma, and they have a four year old named after bill. he cried for hours when he found out george named his child after him. he and stan were even the godfathers.

richie and eddie were sat at the breakfast bar, sipping margaritas and chatting with the adults. well, eddie was. richie was pretending to listen and nodding every now and then. he was deep in thought about how his life turned out so well. he remembered over thirty years ago how shitty his parents treated him; how he started hating the life he had at such a young age.

but that was before eddie.

before the losers club.

he smiled as he thought about how he had the pleasure of having seven soulmates, and smiled wider when he remembered how much of an idiot he was for not believing in them. he looked at bev spinning naomi around who was clad in a bright pink tutu. bev had a crooked tiara placed on her wild ginger hair, the snowflake in the middle of her forehead crinkling as she laughed. mike was wrestling

alex in the living room, stan yelling that they were going to break a vase and to settle the hell down. ben was giving kai a piggy back ride, running around the house screaming, “hi ho silver, away!” bill was going to scold them, but just smiled fondly at the sight.

“what are you smiling about?” eddie said, leaning over to him slightly to whisper in his ear.

“just thinking about how lucky i am.” richie replied, pecking eddie's cheek. eddie put his left hand on his, matching bands reflecting off of the lights in the kitchen. he could feel the warmth coming off of eddie's mark.

this is love.

Notes for the Chapter:

this is the canon ending stephen king can choke
but on a serious note thank you all so so so much for
supporting this fic
it means the world to me i can't even think of the
words to express how GRATEFUL I AM oh my
goodness
love you all <3